

# A GARLAND

14

OF

## NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1. Abraham Newland.
2. Crazy Jane.
3. The Ghost of Crazy Jane.
4. The Adventurous Sailor.
5. The Soldier's Cloak.



## ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

**N**E’ER was a name so branded by Fame,  
Thro’ air, thro’ ocean and thro’ land,  
As one that is wrote upon every Bank note,  
And you all must know Abraham Newland.  
O ! Abraham Newland !

Notorious Abraham Newland !  
I’ve heard people say, sham Abraham you may,  
But you mus’n’t sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,  
It matters not wherever you land,  
From Christian to Greek all language will speak  
If the language of Abraham Newland.

O ! Abraham Newland !  
Astonishing Abraham Newland !  
Whatever you lack, you’ll get in a crack,  
By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,  
You may tramp like the wand’ring Jew, land  
From Dublin to Dover, nay all the world over,  
If a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O ! Abraham Newland !  
Wonderful Abraham Newland !  
Tho’ with compliments cramm’d you may die and be d — d  
If you hav’n’t an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin’d to think Justice is blind,  
Yet lawyers know well she can view land ;  
But, Lord ! what of that ? she’ll blink like a bat,  
At the sight of an Abraham Newland.

O ! Abraham Newland !  
Magical Abraham Newland !  
Tho’ Justice ’tis known, can see thro’ a mill-stone,  
She can’t see thro’ Abraham Newland



Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,  
 And good souls, here like mushrooms they strew and,  
 But tho' loud as a drum, each proves Orator Mum,  
 If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!

Invincible Abraham Newland!

No arguments found in the world balk so found,

As the logic of Abraham Newland:

The French say they're coming but surely they're humming,

We know what they want if they do land;

But we'll make their ears ring in defence of our king,

Our country, and Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!

Excellent Abraham Newland!

No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,

Shall rob us of Abraham Newland.

### CRAZY JANE.

**W**HY, fair maid in ev'ry feature  
 Are such signs of fear express'd?

Can a wand'ring wretched creature

With such terror fill thy breast?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?

Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;

Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,

Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?

Mark me, and avoid my woe;

When men flatter, sigh, and languish,

Think them false—I found them so;

For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,

None can ever love again;

if you will trip him an Abraham Newland:  
 O! Abraham Newland, Meddical Abraham Newland,  
 With Potch and Pills, he'll cure all your ills  
 For a larg doze of Abraham Newland.



But the youth I lov'd so dearly  
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
Which was doom'd to love but one;  
He seem'd true and I believ'd him—  
He was false, and I undone;  
From that hour has reason never  
Held it's empire o'er my brain,  
Henry fled, with him for ever  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,  
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,  
On that spot where last we parted,  
On that spot where first we met,  
Still I sung my love-lorn ditty,  
Still I slowly pace the plain,  
While each passer by, in pity,  
Cries, God help thee, poor Crazy Jane!

*The Ghost of Crazy Jane.*

**T**HE evening of a summer's day,  
Without a thought to cheer;  
A lovely damsel seem'd to say,  
Why is not Henry here?  
With trembling steps and drooping head,  
She slowly cross'd the plain,  
Her hopeless heart she often said,  
Shed tears for Crazy Jane.

For love deserted, broken vows,  
 Of false and perjur'd man,  
 She did the fickle god accuse,  
 Which could her heart trepan.  
 The dusky night began to draw  
 It's influence o'er the main;  
 She starts, she looks, she surely saw  
 The ghost of Crazy Jane.  
 Now trembling at the awful scene,  
 She saw the spectre move,  
 And gently gliding o'er the green,  
 Soon lost it in the grove:  
 There wand'ring 'midst the lonely wood,  
 With sadness in her train,  
 Is often seen in direful mood,  
 The ghost of Crazy Jane.

*The Adventurous Sailor.*

**A**LL you that have travel'd the ocean,  
 And sail'd over mountains and dales;  
 Behold with your ears my condition,  
 And hark with your eyes to my tale:  
 All you that are near at a distance,  
 And you that are distant at hand,  
 I'll sing of a dreadful sea-battle,  
 That happen'd one day upon land.  
 From England in Plymouth we sail'd,  
 On the first and last eighty-five;  
 Our ship was as handsome a frigate,  
 As ever was dead or alive,  
 Our captain's a tall little fellow,  
 Long time had been plagu'd with a wife,

Who dy'd through a fault in her wind-pipe,  
 As soon as she clos'd her life.  
 We hoisted our sails for the ocean,  
 And briskly we cruised along,  
 But durst not go out of our harbour,  
 Because that the wind was so strong.  
 But O how the sky roll'd beneath us,  
 And billows did over us roar,  
 I grop'd for my head on my shoulders,  
 And wish'd I had left it on shore.  
 One day, very late in the evening,  
 I rose about one of the clock,  
 And as I went berthing with cloathing,  
 Went up to the cab in my smock;  
 Confounded with terror, and speechless,  
 I utter'd a sorrowful tale,  
 And swore by St George and St Patrick,  
 That there was a Frenchman on sale.  
 Our captain came up from the cabin,  
 And roar'd with his nose unto me,  
 You dog, sir, make ready for action,  
 Or else I will halve you in three:  
 Then the ships they began for to rattle,  
 And fired a ball of broadsides,  
 Till some that were headless and legless,  
 Were running for fear of their hides.  
 But long ere the action commenced,  
 I found to the greatest surprize,  
 Before that I came to composure,  
 A swivel had blown out my eyes.  
 So when that I look'd to my eye-balls  
 And saw they were blown out indeed,  
 I caught up my legs in my oter,  
 And walk'd on the crown of my head.  
 But, O! what a dreadful massacre,  
 Our mate he was killed outright,



Went down to his bed in confusion,  
 And dy'd the next morning at night,  
 Our captain came up to give orders,  
 And swore he had nothing to say,  
 Then jump'd over board in a fright:  
 And they told him his head was away.  
 However the Frenchmen subjected,  
 And lower'd the mainmast with speed;  
 Our captain gave orders for striking,  
 As soon as he found he was dead:  
 Next morning resolving for Portsmouth,  
 As soon as the moon should arise.  
 Then fastened a mast to her main-sail,  
 And row'd her away for a prize.  
 Our crew, when we landed at Dublin,  
 Resolved to find out our wives,  
 Had tied up their legs in a napkin,  
 And run away wanting their lives.  
 But your servant I landed quite sober,  
 And hardly could open my mouth;  
 Went into a toyshop in London,  
 And eat a whole rabbit for drouth.  
 But now I'm so plenty of money,  
 I'm forc'd to go beg up and down;  
 And if you can give me a shilling,  
 I'll just be content with a crown.  
 I'm sure you may hear that I'm wounded,  
 And see how dejected I cry;  
 I wander all night upon horseback,  
 Without e'er a leg or an eye.  
 I now go a begging good people,  
 And when you have nothing to give,  
 I'll die and be buried in Ireland,  
 And then I'll give over to live.

And when I'm inclos'd in my coffin,  
 Pray scratch on the lid with a knife,  
 Here lies an adventurous seaman  
 Who ne'er was on board in his life.

*The Soldier's Cloak.*

'T WAS on a monday morning a centry I did stand,  
 I kindly was saluted by shaking of my hand,  
 I kindly was saluted by kisses and by joke,  
 As I was in the centry box, wrapt up in a soldiers cloak.

There we did continue until the break of day,  
 Drums did beat and trumpets sound and music sweetly play,  
 Drums did beat and trumpets sound and band most sweetly  
 play,  
 Farewell, my dearest Molly, I can no longer stay.

Oh! my jolly soldier, how could you serve me so,  
 My mammy will be angry when she comes to know,  
 Your mammy will not be angry if you'll not tell her the joke,  
 That you was kiss'd in a centry box, whrapt up in a soldier's  
 cloak.

Soldiers they are pretty men, and valiant men also,  
 Therefore my dear I am resolv'd along with you to go,  
 And if you are a single man I do not mind the joke,  
 Tho' I was kiss'd in a centry box, wrapt up in a soldier's  
 cloak.

Married I am already and children I have three.  
 Two wives I have in the army, but one is too many for me,  
 Your mammy will not be angry, your family to embrace,  
 If it's a young drummer boy, born of a noble race.

*Angus, Printer.*

E N I L S.

